A Compleat

COLLECTION

Of the beſt and moſt admir'd

PROLOGUES

AND

EPILOGUES,

That have been ſpoken at the

THEATRES

AND THE

SPOUTING CLUBS.

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A COLLECTION OF PROLOGUES and EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE on PROLOGUES,

Written by Mr. Garrick, *and ſpoken by Mr.* King, *at the Theatre-Royal in* Drury Lane, *on performing a Farce called* The Muſical Lady.

AN old trite proverb let me quote,
"As is your cloath, ſo cut your coat."
To ſuit our *author* and his *farce*,
Short let me be; for wit is ſcarce;
Nor would I ſhew it, had I any;
The reaſons why, are ſtrong and many.
Should I have wit, the piece have none,
As flaſh in pan, with empty gun,
The piece is Sure to be undone.

A tavern with a gaudy ſign,
Whoſe buſh is better than the wine,
May cheat you once—Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice?
'Tis wrong to raiſe your expectations;
Poets, be dull in dedications!
Dullneſs in theſe to wit prefer—
But *there* indeed, you ſeldom err.
In prologues, prefaces, be flat
A ſilver button ſpoils your hat;
A thread-bare coat might jokes eſcape
Did not the blockheads lace the cape;
A caſe in point to this before ye.
Allow me, pray, to tell a ſtory:
To turn the penny, once a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit;
Hung out a board, on which be boaſted,
Dinner for THREE-PENCE, *boil'd and roaſted*
The hungry read, and in they trip,
With eager eye, and ſmaking lip:
"Here, bring in this boil'd and roaſted, pray!"
—Enter *Potatoes*—dreſs'd *each way*:
All ſtar'd and roſe, the houſe forſook,
And damn'd the dinner;—kick'd the cook;
My landlord ſound, (poor *Patrick Kelly*)
There was no joking with the belly.
Theſe facts laid down then thus I reaſon:
—Wit in a prologue's out of ſeaſon;—
Yet ſtill will you for jokes ſit watching,
Like *Cock-Lane* folks for *Fanny*'s ſcratching,
And hear my ſimile's ſo fit!
For prologue's are but ghoſt's of wit;

Which

Which mean to ſhew their art and ſkill,
And ſcratch you to their *author*'s will.
In ſhort, for reaſons great and ſmall,
'Tis better to have none at all:
Prologues and *ghoſts*—a paltry trade!
So let them both at once be laid.
Say but the word,—give your commands,
We'll tie *our* prologue-monger's hands:
Confine theſe culprits, *(holding up his hands)* bind them tight,
Nor *girls* can *ſcratch*, nor *fools* can write.

The ORIGINAL PROLOGUE to CATO.

Written by Mr. Pope, *ſpoken by Mr.* Wilks.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart.
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold;
For this the tragic muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream through every age.
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love.
In pitying love we but our weakneſs ſhew,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws;
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.

Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhapes he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was.
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heav'en itſelf ſurveys:
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While Cato gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar, 'midſt triumphal cares,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's reverend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye:
The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by:
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhew you have the virtue to be mov'd,
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdu'd,
Our ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation, and Italian ſong:
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage;
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone ſhould pleaſe a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

PRO-

PROLOGUE to the APPRENTICE.

Written by Mr. Garrick, *and ſpoken by Mr.* Murphy, *the Author of* The Apprentice.

BEhold a wonder for theatric ſtory !
The *culprit* of this night appears before ye ;
Before his judges dares theſe boards to tread,
With all his imperfections on his head !
Prologues preceed the piece, in mournful verſe,
As undertakers walk before the hearſe,
Whoſe doleful march may ſtrike the harden'd mind,
And wake its feelings for the dead behind.
Trick'd out in black, thus actors try their art,
To melt that *rock* of *ROCKS*---the critic's heart
No *acted* fears my vanity betray ;
I am indeed---what others only play.
This for myſelf ;---the farce comes next in view,
Though many are its faults, at leaſt 'tis NEW.
No ſmuggl'd, pilfer'd ſcenes from France we ſhew,
Tis *Engliſh*---*Engliſh*, ſirs ! from top to toe.
'Tho' coarſe my colours, and my hand unſkill'd;
From real life my little cloth is fill'd,
My hero is a youth---by fate deſign'd
For culling ſimples,---but whoſe ſtage ſtruck mind
Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.
A place there is where ſuch young Quixots meet,
'Tis call'd the SPOUTING CLUB; a glorious treat !
Where prentic'd kings alarm the gaping ſtreet ?
There *Brutus* ſtarts and ſtares by midnight taper,
Who all the DAY enacts---a woollen draper.

There

There *Hamlet*'s ghoſt ſtalks forth with doubled fiſt,
Cries out, with hollow voice---Liſt, liſt, O liſt!
And frightens Denmark's prince---a young tobacconiſt.

The ſpirit too, clear'd from its deadly white,
Riſes---a habadaſher to the ſight
Not young attorneys have this rage withſtood,
But chang'd their *pens* for *truncheons*, *ink* for *blood*;
And (ſtrange reverſe!)---die for their country's good.

Thro' all the town this folly you may trace;
Myſelf am witneſs---'tis a common caſe.
I've further proofs, could ye but think I wrong ye;
Look round---you'll find ſome ſpouting youths among ye.
To check theſe heroes, and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to reaſon, and their SHOP,
To raiſe a harmleſs laugh was all my aim,
And, if I ſhun contempt, I ſeek not *fame*.
Indulge this firſtling,---let me but *begin*,
Nor nip me---in the buddings of my ſin.
Some hopes I cheriſh---in your *ſmiles* I read 'em;
Whate'er my faults--your candour can exceed 'em.

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Clive.

Enters reading the Play-Bill.

A Very pretty Bill as I'm alive!
The part of---nobody---by Mrs. Clive.

A paltry

A paltry, ſcribbling fool---to leave me out ;
He'll ſay, perhaps---he thought I could not *ſpout.*
Malice and envy to the laſt degree !
And why ?---I wrote a farce as well as he.
And fairly ventur'd it,---without the aid
Of Prologue dreſs'd in black, or face in maſ-
querade ;
O pit--- have pity---ſee how I'm diſmay'd !
Poor ſoul ! this canting ſtuſt will never do,
Unleſs, like Bays, he brings his hangman too.
But *granting*, that from theſe ſame obſequies,
Some pickings to our bard in black ariſe ;
Should your applauſe to joy convert his fear,
As *Pallas* turns to feaſt--- *Landella*'s bier,
Yet 'twould have been a better ſcheme by half
T'have thrown his weeds aſide, and learnt with
me to laugh.
I could have ſhewn him, had he been inclin'd,
A ſpouting junto of the female kind.
There dwells a milliner in yonder row,
Well-dreſs'd, full-voic'd, and nobly built for
ſhew,
Who, when in rage, ſhe ſcolds at *Sue* and *Sarah*,
Damn'd, damn'd diſſembler ! thinks ſhe's more than
Zara.
She has a daughter too, that deals in lace,
And ſings---*O ponder well*---and *Chevy-Chace*,
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place ;
And in her cock'd up hat, and gown of camblet
Perfumes on ſomething---touching the lord
Hamlet.

A couſin

A couſin too ſhe has, with ſquinting eyes,
With waddling gait and voice like *London cries*,
Who, for the ſtage too ſhort by half a ſtory,
Acts lady *Townly*---thus---in all her glory.
And, while ſhe's traverſing her ſcanty room,
Cries---"Lord, my lord, what can I do at home!"
In ſhort, there's girls enough for all the fellows,
The ranting, whining, ſtarting, and the jealous;
The Hotſpurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
Oh! little do theſe ſilly people know
What dreadful trials---actors undergo:
Myſelf---who moſt in harmony delight,
Am ſcolded here from morning until night.
Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal miliners, ye apron'd kings;
Young men beware, and ſhun our ſlippery ways,
Study arithmetic, and burn your plays.
And you, ye girls, let not our tinſel train
Enchant your eyes, and turn your mad'ning brain:
Be timely wiſe; for oh be ſure of this;
A ſhop, with virtue, is the height of bliſs.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Garrick, *in the Character of a Sailor fuddled, and talking to himſelf.*

Enter ſinging, How pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes,---

WELL. if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A ſailor half-ſeas-o'er 's a pretty fellow!
What

What cheer, ho? [*to the Pit*] do I carry too much
sail?
No---tight and trim---I ſcud before the gale.
[*He ſtaggers forward, then ſtops.*
But ſoftly tho'---the veſſel ſeems to heel:
Steady, my boy---ſhe muſt not ſhew her keel.
And now, thus ballaſted, what courſe to ſteer?
Shall I again to ſea and bang Mounſeer?
Or ſtay at home, and toy with Sall and Sue---
Doſt love 'em, boy? By this right hand I do.
A well-rigg'd girl is ſurely moſt inviting;
There's nothing better faith, ſave flip and fighting.
---I muſt away---I muſt---
What! ſhall we, ſons of beef and freedom, ſtoop,
Or lower our flag to ſlavery or ſoup?
What! ſhall theſe Parly-vous make ſuch a racket,
And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
Still ſhall *Old England* be your *Frenchman*'s butt?
Whene'er he ſhuffles, we ſhould always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith,---avaſt---before I go---
Have I not promis'd *Sall* to ſee the ſhow?
[*Pulls out a Play bill.*
From this ſame paper we ſhall underſtand
What work's to-night---I read your printed hand.
Firſt let's refreſh a bit---for faith I need it---
I'll take one ſugar-plumb---and then I'll read it---
[*Takes ſome tobacco.*
[*He reads the play-bill of* Zara, *which was acted that evening.*
At the the-atre-royal---Drury-lane, will be pre-
ſen-te-ted a tragedy called SARAH.

I'm glad 'tis Sarah---then our Sall may ſee
Her name-ſake's tragedy; and as for me,
I'll ſleep as ſound, as if I were at ſea.
[*Reads.*] To which will be added a new Maſque.
Zounds! why a maſque? we ſailors hate grimaces;
Above-board all, we ſcorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, ſo very large and plain;
BRI-TAN-NIA---oh, Britannia! good again.
Huzza, boys! by the Royal George, I ſwear,
Tom coxen, and the crew ſhall ſtreight be there:
All free-born ſouls muſt take Britannia's part,
And give her three round chears with hand and heart,
[*Going off---he ſtops.*
I wiſh you landmen, tho', would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And like us, honeſt tars, drink, fight, and ſing,
True to yourſelves, your country, and your King.

PROLOGUE to the Tragedy of Sir WALTER RALEIGH,

Acted at the Caſtle, at Kentiſh-Town, *by the Gentlemen of Mr.* Rey's *Boarding-School.*

Spoken by Maſter Shiers, *in the Character of* Howard.

FROM earlieſt times, the buſineſs of the ſtage
Has been at once to pleaſe and mend the age:
In comic ſcenes the fop, the clown, the fool,
Have ſtill ſtood forth the marks of ridicule;
While

While the bold mirrour of the tragic lay
Was doom'd more ſtriking features to diſplay.
Virtue and vice there ſtood in bolder light,
The firſt to charm us, and the laſt to fright:
Notorious crimes have ſtill been puniſh'd there,
And virtuous deeds made Heaven's peculiar care.
This then premis'd, thus in our cauſe we plead,
And thus we juſtify our preſent deed :---
The ſtage is ſure the nobleſt ſchool for youth,
T'inſtill the principles of worth and truth ;
Example ſtronger far than precept acts,
And words leſs move us than the force of facts:
Who then can repreſent the good man's part,
And not feel goodneſs glowing at his heart ?
Or who the villain's odious deeds preſent,
And not each ſpark of vicious thought repent ?
In our young minds theſe precepts thus impreſt,
May, in ſome future period, warm the breaſt;
Our youthful Raleigh feel the hero's fire,
And Howard's friendly zeal my heart inſpire:
Cobham's dread fate our Cobham here may warn,
For truth's bright cauſe all other views to ſcorn ;
Nay ſubtle Saliſbury be taught to know,
That vice exalted brings exalted woe.
Thus in ſome diſtant hour, when ripe are grown
Thoſe ſeeds of virtue in our boſoms ſown ;
When in full vigour we thoſe precepts find,
Which in theſe moments have poſſeſs'd the mind ;
To theſe we ſhall look back with juſt delight,
And bleſs th'amuſements of this well-ſpent night.

PROLOGUE to the FAIRIES.

An Opera, taken from *Shakeſpear*'s Midſummer's Night's Dream.

Written and ſpoken by Mr. Garrick.

Enter---interrupting the Band of Muſic.

A Moment ſtop your tuneful fingers, pray,
While *here*, as uſual, I my duty pay.
[*To the Audience.*
Don't frown, my friends [*to the band*] you ſoon ſhall melt again ;
But if not *there* is felt each dying ſtrain,
Poor I ſhall *ſpeak*, and you will *ſcrape* in vain.
To ſee me *now*, you think the ſtrangeſt thing,
For, like friend *Benedick*, I cannot ſing :
Yet, in the prologue, cry but you *corragio !*
I'll *ſpeak* you both a *jig* and an *adagio*.
A *Perſian* king, as Perſian tales relate,
Oft' went diſguis'd, to hear the people prate ;
So curious !, ſometimes ſteal forth *incog*.
To hear what critic's croak of me---King Log.
Three nights ago, I heard a *tete-a-tete*,
Which fix'd, at once, our *Engliſh Opera*'s fate :
One was a youth born here, but fluſh from Rome ;
The *other* born abroad but here his home ;
And firſt the *Engliſh foreigner* began,
Who thus addreſs'd the *foreign Engliſhman :*
An *Engliſh Opera !* 'tis not to be born,
I both my country, and their muſic ſcorn :
Oh, damn their *Ally Croakers*, and their *Early-Horn*.

Signor

Signor ſi---bat ſons---wors recitativo :
Il tutto, e beſtiale e cativo.
This ſaid, I made my exit, full of terrors !
And now, aſk mercy for the following errors.
Excuſe me firſt, for fooliſhly ſuppoſing,
Your *countrymen* could pleaſe you in compoſing:
An *op'ra* too ! play'd by an *Engliſh* band !
Wrote in a language which you underſtand !---
I dare not ſay WHO wrote it--I could tell ye,
To ſoften matters----*Signor Shakeſpearelli:*
This aukward *drama*---(I confeſs th' offence)
Is guilty too, of poetry and ſenſe:
And then, the price we take---you'll all abuſe it.
So low, ſo unlike *op'ras*---but excuſe it,
We'll mend that fault, whenever you ſhall chuſe it.
Our laſt miſchance, and worſe than all the reſt,
Which turns the whole performance to a jeſt,
Our fingers are all well, and all will do their beſt
But why ſhould this raſh fool, this *Engliſhman*,
Attempt an Opera ?---'tis the ſtrangeſt plan !
Struck with the wonders of his maſter's art,
Whoſe *ſacred dramas* ſhake and melt the heart,
Whoſe heav'n-born ſtrains the coldeſt breaſt inſpire,
Whoſe *chorus-thunder* ſets the ſoul on fire !
Inflam'd, aſtoniſh'd ! at thoſe magic airs,
When *Samſon* groans, and frantic *Saul* deſpairs,
The pupil wrote---his work is now before ye,
And waits your ſtamp of infamy or glory.
Yet e'er his errors and his faults are known,
He ſays, thoſe faults, thoſe errors are his own;

If

If through the clouds appear ſome glimm'ring rays,
They're ſparks he caught from his great maſter's blaze.

PROLOGUE to the Tragedy of AGIS,

Written by a Friend. Spoken by Mr. Garrick.

IF in theſe days of luxury and eaſe,
A tale from Sparta's rigid ſtate can pleaſe;
If patriot plans a Britiſh breaſt can warm;
If Kings aſſerting liberty can charm;
If Virtue ſtill a graceful aſpect wear;
Check not at Agis' fall the gen'rous tear.
He view'd his ſubjects with a parent's love;
With zeal to ſave a ſinking people ſtrove;
Strove their chang'd hearts with glory to inflame,
To mend their morals; and reſtore their name;
'Till faction roſe, with Murder at her ſide;
Then mourn'd his country; perſever'd; and died.
That country once for virtue was rever'd;
Admir'd by Greece; by haughty Aſia fear'd.
Then citizens and ſoldiers were the ſame;
And ſoldiers heroes; for their wealth was fame;
Then for the brave the fair reſerv'd her charms;
And ſcorn'd to claſp a coward in her arms.
The trumpet call'd; ſhe ſeiz'd the ſword and ſhield;
Array'd in haſte her huſband for the field;
And ſighing whiſper'd, in a fond embrace,
"Remember! death is better than diſgrace."
The widow'd mother ſhew'd her parting ſon
The race of glory which his ſire had run.

"My

" My ſon, thy flight alone I ſhall deplore.
" Return victorious! or return no more!"
While beauty thus with patriot zeal combin'd,
And round the laurel'd head her myrtle twin'd;
While all confeſs'd the Virtuous were the Great,
Fame, valour, conqueſt grac'd the Spartan ſtate.
Her pow'r congenial with her virtue grew,
And Freedom's banner o'er her phalanx flew;
But ſoon as Virtue dropt her ſick'ning head,
Fame, valour, conqueſt, pow'r and freedom fled.
May this ſad ſcene improve each Briton's heart!
Rouſe him with warmth to act a Briton's part!
Prompt him with Sparta's nobleſt ſons to vie;
To live in glory, and in freedom die!

EPILOGUE to AGIS.

Spoken by Mrs. Pritchard.

A King in bloom of youth, for freedom die!---
Our bard, tho' bold, durſt not have ſoard ſo high.
This is no credulous, admiring age;
But ſacred ſure the faith of Plutarch's page.
In ſimple ſtile that ancient ſage relates
The tale of Sparta, chief of Grecian ſtates:
Eight hundred years it flouriſh'd, great in arms,
On dangers roſe, and grew amidſt alarms.
Of Sparta's triumph you have heard the cauſe,
More ſtrong, more noble, than Lycurgus' laws:
How Spartan dames, by Glory's charms inſpir'd,
The ſon, the lover, and the huſband fir'd
Ye fair of Britain's Iſle, which juſtly claims
The Grecian title, land of lovely dames,

In

In Britain's cauſe exert your matchleſs charms,
And rouſe your lovers to the love of arms.
Hid, not extinct, the ſpark of valour lies;
Your breath ſhall raiſe it flaming to the ſkies.
Now Mars his bloody banner hangs in air,
And bids Brittannia's ſons for war prepare;
Let each lov'd maid, each mother bring the ſhield,
And arm their country's champion for the field.
Arm'd and inflam'd each Britiſh breaſt ſhall burn,
No youth unlaurel'd ſhall to you return.
Then ſhall we ceaſe t' exult at trophies won,
In glory's field, by heroes---not our own.
France then ſhall tremble at the Britiſh ſword,
And dread the vengeance of her ancient lord.

Prologue to the tragedy of Cleone, *by* William Melmoth, *Eſq*; *ſpoken by* Mr. Roſs.

'TWAS once the mode inglorious war to wage
With each bold bard that durſt attempt the ſtage,
And Prologues were but preludes to engage.
Then mourn'd the muſe, not ſtory'd woes alone,
Condemn'd, with tears, unfeign'd, to weep her own.
Paſt are thoſe hoſtile days: and wits no more
One undiſtinguiſh'd fate with fools deplore.
No more the muſe laments her long-ſelf wrongs,
From the rude licence of tumultuous tongues;
In peace each bard prefers his doubtful claim,
And as he merits, meets, or miſſes, fame.

'Twas

'Twas thus in Greece (when Greece fair ſcience bleſt,
And heav'n-born arts their choſen land poſſeſt)
Th' aſſembled people ſat with decent pride,
Patient to hear, and ſkillful to decide;
Leſs forward far to cenſure than to praiſe,
Unwillingly refus'd the rival bays.
Yes; they whom candor and true taſte inſpire
Blame not with half the paſſion they admire;
Each little blemiſh with regret deſcry,
But mark the beauties with a raptur'd eye.
Yet modeſt fears invade our author's breaſt,
With Attic lore, or Latian, all unbleſt;
Deny'd by fate thro' claſſic fields to ſtray,
Where bloom thoſe wreaths, which never know decay;
Where arts from kindred arts new force acquire,
And poets catch from poets genial fire:
Not thus he boaſts the breaſt humane to prove,
And touch thoſe ſprings which generous paſſions move,
To melt the ſoul by ſcenes of fabled woe,
And bid the tear for fancy'd ſorrows flow;
Far humbler paths he treads in queſt of fame,
And truſts to nature what from nature came.

Epilogue to Cleone. *As originally written by* William Shenſtone, *Eſq*; *ſpoken by* Mrs. Bellamy.

WELL, ladies--ſo much for the tragic ſtile-
And now, the cuſtom is--to make you ſmile.

" To make us ſmile, I hear *Flippanta* ſay,
" Yes--we have *ſmil'd* indeed--thro' half the play:
" We *always* laugh ; when bards demure and ſly,
" Beſtow ſuch mighty pains--to make us *cry*.
" And truly to bring ſorrow to a criſis,
" Mad folks, and murder'd babes are *ſhrewd* devices.
" The Captain gone three years---and *then* to blame
" The veſtal conduct of his vituous dame !---
" What *French*, what *Engliſh* bride would think it treaſon,
" When thus accus'd---to give the brute ſome reaſon ?
" Out of my houſe---this night, forſooth--depart
" A *modern* wife had ſaid---With all my heart :
" But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go *alone !*
" Order your coach---conduct me ſafe to town--
" Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid--
" And pray take care my pin-money be paid ;
" Elſe know, I wield a pen—and, for its glory,
" My dear's domeſtic feats—may ſhine in ſtory !
" Then for the Child—the tale was truly ſad—
" But who for ſuch a bantling would run mad ?
" What wife, at midnight hour inclin'd to roam,
" Would fondly drag her little chit from *home ?*
" What has a mother with her child to do ?—
" Dear brats—the *Nurſery*'s the place for you !"
Such are the ſtrains of many a modiſh Fair !
Yet memories—not of *modern* growth, declare
The time *has been*, when modeſty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth ;
E're,

E're, in the dice-box, Ladies found delight;
Or ſwoon'd, for lack of cards on ſunday-night;
When women hid their necks and veil'd their faces,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor ſtar'd, at public places:
Nor took the airs of Amazons—for *graces!*
When plain domeſtic virtues were the *mode*;
And, wives ne'er dreamt of happineſs abroad,
But cheer'd their offspring, ſhun'd fantaſtic airs;
And with the *Joys* of wedlock, mixt the *cares*.
Such modes are paſt—yet ſure they merit praiſe;
For marriage *triumph'd* in thoſe vaſſal days:
No virgin ſigh'd in vain; no fears aroſe,
Leſt hoſtile wars ſhould cauſe a dearth of beaux;
By chaſte decorum, each, affection gain'd,
By faith and fondneſs, what ſhe won, maintain'd.
'Tis yours, ye Fair- to mend a thoughtleſs age,
That ſcorns the preſs, the pulpit, and the ſtage;
To yield frail Huſbands no *pretence* to ſtray:
(Men will be rakes if women lead the way)
To ſooth—But truce with theſe preceptive lays;
The Muſe, who, dazzled with your ancient praiſe,
On preſent Worth, and modern Beauty tramples,
Muſt own, ſhe ne'er could boaſt more bright *examples*. [*Addreſſing the Boxes.*

PROLOGUE,

Spoke to Much Ado about Nothing,
Acted by Command of his Majeſty,
By Mr. GARRICK.
Being his firſt appearance on the ſtage, after his Return from Italy.

WITH Doubt—Joy,-Apprehenſion almoſt dumb.
Once more to face this awful Court I come!
Leſt *Benedick* ſhould ſuffer by my Fear,
Before *He* enters, I my ſelf am here,
I'm told (what Flatt'ry to Heart!) that *you** }
Have wiſh'd to ſee me, nay have preſs'd it too, }
Alas; 'twill prove another *Much ado.*
I, like a Boy who long has Truant play'd,
No Leſſons got, no Exerciſes made,
On bloody Monday, take my fearful Stand,
And *often eye* the Birchen ſcepter'd Hand.
'Tis twice twelve Years ſince firſt the Stage I trod,
Enjoy'd your Smiles and felt the Critic's Rod;
A very *Nine-pin* I, my *Stage-life* through,
Knock'd down by Wits, ſet up again by you.
In four and-twenty Years, the Spirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the Fool?
To prove it is, permit me to repeat,
What late I heard in paſſing through the Street,
A youth of Parts, with Ladies by his Side,
Thus cock'd his glaſs, and through it ſhot my pride.

* *The Audience.*

'Tis

'Tis he, by Jove! grown quite a clumſy Fellow;
He's fit nothing —but a Punchinello
"O yes, for Comic Scenes, Sir John--no further"
"He's much too fat—for Battles, Rapes, and Murther?"
Worn in the Service, you my Faults will ſpare,
And make Allowance for the Wear and Tear.
The Chelſea Penſioner, who, rich in Scars,
Fights o'er in Prattle all his former Wars;
Tho' paſt the Service, may the young ones teach,
To march-preſent-to fire--and mount the Breach.
Should the drum beat to Arms, at firſt he'll grieve
For wooden Leg, loſt Eye—and armleſs Sleeve,
Then cocks his Hat, looks fierce, and ſwells his, Cheſt;
'Tis for my King, and, zounds, I'll do my beſt.

PROLOGUE to the CITIZEN, a Farce,

By A. Murphy, Eſq;
Spoken by Mr. OBRIEN.

SOME ſtrange caprice for ever rules the ſtage,
And this we call the Prologue-ſpeaking age,
Without a Prologue nothing can be done,
So dearly you all love a little fun!
To tame this rage, in vain we often try
The niceſt art—*Prologue* ſtill you cry!
And yet our Bard—Bards will be ſtill abſurd!
Comes without one preliminary word;
He's quite forgot his Prologue—Yet be quiet,
My honeſt friends above—you need not riot?
You'll

You'll have your penny worth to appeaſe the ſtorm;
You ſee I come in black—the uſual form!
I bow, I ſmile around,—Obſerve me, pray.
[*To the galleries.*
(*Bows to the boxes*) An't that as well as ought
theſe poets ſay?
The pit comes next—But how *your* taſte to hit!
----You are the ſovereign arbiters of wit----
You have the---Oh!----nature---paſſion---art,
Wit, judgment, humour, every critic part;
Plot, ſituation, Shakeſpear, Johnſon, Rowe,
Beaumont, and Fletcher,-very high!-Damn'd low!
Take all amongſt ye,—all is yours, you know.
And now the Gallery,—there I ſhould be witty;
What ſhall I ſay?—No hint,--Oh ay, the City—
Attorneys,—Milliners,—the tender ſqueeze,
Soft hinting elbows,—and love kindling knees,
And--and—you take me right—ſo word it as you pleaſe.
"To you, ye *Gods*, (*to the upper gallery*) I make my laſt appeal,"
Or mark our merit,—or our crimes conceal.
And now I think, I've made a Prologue—no!
I ſtill ſhould bid you ſome compaſſion ſhew
To *Bays* within,—yonder he trembles—Oh!
If tender pity e'er your heart inclines,
(*Wiping his eyes*)—That will do full as well as twenty lines.
You have had a Prologue now, you needs muſt ſay;
And ſo I hope you'll kindly hear the play.
(*Going off, returns*

One thing I had forgot,----this night appears
A fair adventurer *, full of doubt and fears.
If genius prompts her,----and not vain deſire.
'Tis yours to fan each ſpark of ſtruggling fire.
I ſee you ſmile,----relax'd are critic laws,
Her years and form conjoin'd, will plead her cauſe
And dawning merit meet with ſure applauſe.

EPILOGUE to the CITIZEN,

Spoken by Mr. Shuter *and Mr.* Woodward, *in the Characters of Old* Philpot *and Young* Philpot.

Father.

OH! *George, George, George,*' tis ſuch Rakes as you.
Who bring vile Jokes and foul Diſhoner too upon our City Youth.

Geo 'Tis very true.

Fath. St. James's End o'th' Town,

Geo. No Place for me.

Fath. No, truly—no—their Manners diſagree
With our's intirely—yet you there muſt run
To ape their Follies,

Geo. And ſo am undone.

Fath. There you all learn a Vanity in Vice,
You turn mere Fops—you game.

Geo. O damn the Dice!

Fath. Bubbl'd at Play,

Geo. Yes, Sir.

* Miſs Elliot.

Fath.

Fath. By ev'ry common Cheat.
Geo. Ay! here's two Witneſſes
[*Pulling out his Pockets.*
Fath. You get well beat.
Geo. A Witneſs too of that [*ſhews his head*] and there's another. [*To Young* Wilding.
Fath. You dare to give Affronts,
Geo. Zounds ſuch a Pother!
Fath. Affronts to Gentlemen!
Geo. 'Twas a raſh Action.
Fath. Damn me you lie! I'll give you Satisfaction,
[*mimicking.*
Drawn in by Strumpets—and detected too!
Geo That's a ſad Thing, Sir! I'll be judg'd by you.
Fath. The Dog he has me there,
Geo. Think you it right?
Under a Table.
Fath. Miſerable Plight!
Geo. For grave Threeſcore to ſkulk with trembling Knees,
And envy every lover whom he ſees!
Think you it fitting thus abroad to roam?
Fath. Would I had ſtaid to caſt accounts at home!
Geo. Ay! there's another vice.
Fath. Sirrah, give o'er.
Geo. You brood for o'er your moſt lov'd ſtore
And ſcraping *cent. per cent.* ſtill pine for more.
At *Jonathan*'s, where millions are undone,
Now cheat a nation, and now cheat your ſon.
Fath. Raſcal, enough!
Geo. I could add, but am loth.
Fath

Fath. Enough!—this jury will condemn us both.
[*To the Audience.*

Geo. Then to the court we'd better make ſubmiſſion:
Ladies and gentlemen, with true contrition,
I here repent my faults—ye courtly train,
Farewel! farewel, ye giddy, and ye vain!
I now take up—forſake the gay and witty,
To live henceforth a credit to the city.

Fath. You ſee me here quite cover'd o'er with ſhame;
I hate long ſpeeches—but I'll do the ſame.
Come, *George*—to mend is all the beſt can boaſt.

Geo. Then let us in,

Fath. And this ſhall be our toaſt,
May *Britain*'s thunder on her foes be hurl'd.

Geo. And *London* prove the market of the world.

Mr. GARRICK's Addreſs to the Town,
In the Character of the Buſy Body.

SINCE my good friends, tho' late, are pleas'd at laſt,
I bear with patience all my ſuff'rings paſt;
To you who ſaw my ſuff'rings, it is clear,
I bought my ſecrets moſt confounded dear.
To any gentleman not over-nice,
I'll ſell 'em all again, and at half price.
Wou'd I had been among you—for, no doubt,
You all have ſecrets could I find them out.

Each has a ſecret fitted to his fancy!
My friends above there—honeſt John and Nancy;
How well their ſecrets with their paſſions ſuit,
Hearts full of love, and pockets full of fruit;
Each jolly ſailor thus his miſtreſs grapples,
They look, and laugh, and love, and eat their apples.
So good or wiſe this precious town is growing,
There's ſcarce a ſecret here that's worth the knowing;
Nay, where a hungry mind expects a feaſt,
'Mongſt politicians—it will get the leaſt.
They promiſe much—ſeem full—ſtare, nod, and pout,
But tap 'em, and the devil a drop comes out.
In ſhort, I'll give this buſy buſineſs over,
Where much is felt, and little to diſcover;
But ſhould the ladies wiſh or want t'employ me
I ſhould be proud and pleas'd if they would try me,
To manage meetings, or to ſlip a letter,
There's no French milliner can do it better.
As for the gentlemen—the rake or beau,—
I wou'd not give 'em that—for all they know
Indeed, for ſecrets there are none excel 'em;
But then they make 'em, and when made they tell 'em.
There is one ſecret ſtill remains behind,
Which ever did, and will diſtract the mind—
I'd give up all for that—nay fix for ever,
To find the ſecret to deſerve your favour.

PRO-

PROLOGUE to PHILASTER.

Written by Mr. George Colman.

On Mr. Powell's *firſt Appearance on the ſtage.*

WHILE modern tragedy, by rule exact,
Spins out a thin-wrought fable, act by act,
We dare to bring you one of thoſe bold plays
Wrote by rough Engliſh wits in former days;
Beaumont and Fletcher! thoſe twin ſtars that run
Their glorious courſe round Shakeſpear's golden ſun.
Or when Philaſter, Hamlet's place ſupplied,
Or Beſſus walk'd the ſtage by Falſtaff's ſide;
Their ſouls well pair'd, ſhot fire in mingled rays,
Their hands together twin'd the ſocial bays;
Till faſhion drove, in a rifining age,
Virtue from court and nature from the ſtage.
Then nonſenſe in heroics ſeem'd ſublime;
Kings rav'd in couplets, and maids ſigh'd in rhime.
Next prim, and trim, and deliate, and chaſte,
A haſh from Greece and France, came modern taſte.
Cold are her ſons, and ſo afraid of dealing
In rant and fuſtian, they ne'er riſe to feeling.
O ſay, ye bards of phlegm, ſay, where's the name
That can with Fletcher urge a rival claim?
Say where's the poet, train'd in pedant ſchools
Equal to Shakeſpear, who o'erleapt all rules?
Thus of our bards we boldly ſpeak our mind;
A harder taſk, alas! remains behind:

To-night, as yet by public eyes unſeen,
A raw, unpractiſed novice fills the ſcene.
Bred in the city, his theatric ſtar
Brings him at length on this ſide Temple-bar;
Smit with the muſe, the ledger he forgot,
And when he wrote his name he made a blot.
Him while perplexing hopes and fears embarraſs,
Sculking (like Hamlet's rat) behind the arras,
Me a dramatic fellow-feeling draws.
Without a fee, to plead a brother's cauſe.
Genius is rare; and while our great comptroller,
No more a manager, turns arrant ſtroller,
Let new adventurers your care engage,
And nurſe the infant ſaplings of the ſtage!

PROLOGUE to BARBAROSSA,

Spoken by Mr. Garrick, *in the character of a* Country Boy.

Meaſter! Meaſter!

IS not my meaſter here among you, pray?
Nay, ſpeak—my meaſter wrote this fine new play—
The actor-folks are making ſuch a clatter!
They want the pro-log—I know nought o' th' matter!
He muſt be there among you—look about—
A weezen, pale-fac'd man, do—find him out—
Pray, meaſter, come—or all will fall to ſheame,
Call miſter—hold—I muſt not tell his name.
Law!

Law! what a croud is here! what noiſe and Pother! [*Pointing to pit and gallery.*]
Fine lads and laſſes! one o' top o' t'other.
I cou'd for ever here with wonder geaze!
I ne'er ſaw church ſo full in all my days!
Your ſervunt, ſurs!—what do you laugh for? eh!
You donna take me ſure for one o' th' play?
You ſhou'd not flout an honeſt country-lad,—
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
You're all as ſtrange as I, and ſtranger too,
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.
[*Laughing.*]
I donna like your *London* tricks, not I,
And ſince you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why.
And if you wull, ſince now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my ſtory.
I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great;
But troth I'm ſick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en,
I like it not—wou'd I were whoame again.
Firſt, in the city I took up my ſtation,
And got a place with one of th' corporation,
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal,
Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I cou'd not make abode,
For, cou'd you think't?—He eat a great *ſea-toad!*
It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me,
He call'd it *Belly-potch*, and *Capapee:*
Law! how I ſtar'd!—I thought,—who knows, but I,
For want of monſters, may be made a pye;

Rather

Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame, and country-fare again.
I left *toad*-eater; then I ſarv'd a lord,
And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their word,
While 'mong the great, this geaming work the trade is,
They mind no more poor ſervants, than their ladies.
A lady next, who lik'd a ſmart young lad,
Hir'd me forewith—but, troth, I thought her mad.
She turn'd the world top down, as I may ſay,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
I ſtood one day with coach, and did but ſtoop
To put the foot-board down, and with her *hoop*
She cover'd me all o'er—*where are you, Lout?*
Here, *Maam*, ſays I, for heaven's ſake let me out.
I was ſo ſheam'd with all her freakiſh ways,
She wore her gear ſo ſhort, ſo low her ſtays—
Fine folks ſhew all for nothing now-a-days!
Now I'm the poet's man—I find with wits,
There's nothing ſartain—Nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed are ſlender,—what of that?
There are but three on's—meaſter, I, and cat.
Did you but ſee us all, as I'm a ſinner,
You'd ſcarcely ſay, which of the three is thinner.
My wages all depend on this night's piece,
But ſhou'd you find that all our ſwans are geeſe!
E'feck I'll truſt no more to meaſter's brain,
But pack up all, and whiſtle whoame again.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE *to the ſame, ſpoken by Mr.* Woodward, *in the character of a* Fine Gentleman.

Enter—*Speaking to the people without.*

PSHAW!—damn your epilogue—and hold your tongue—
Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong?
Had you ten epilogues you ſhould not ſpeak 'em,
Though he had writ 'em all in Linguum Grecum.
I'll do't by all the gods!—(you muſt excuſe me)
Though author, actors, audience, all abuſe me!

To the audience.

Behold a gentleman!—and that's enough!—
Laugh if you pleaſe—I'll take a pinch of ſnuff!
I come to tell you—(let it not ſurpriſe you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to adviſe you.—
How could you ſuffer that ſame country booby,
That prologue ſpeaking ſavage,--that great looby,
To talk his nonſenſe?—give me leave to ſay
'Twas low—damn'd low—but ſave the fellows play—
Let the poor devil eat,—allow him that,
And give a meal to *meaſter*, *mon*, and *cat*.
But why attack the faſhions?—Senſeleſs rogue!—
We have no joys but what reſult from vogue:
The mode ſhould all controul—nay, ev'ry paſſion,
Senſe, appetite, and all, give way to faſhion;
I hate as much as he, a *turtle-feaſt*,
But till the preſent *turtle*-rage has ceas'd,
I'd ride a hundred miles to make myſelf a beaſt.

I have

I have no ears,—yet op'ras I adore!—
Always prepar'd *to die—to ſleep—no more!*
The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dreſs,
He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good queen *Beſs!*
They are, forſooth, too much expos'd, and free—
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I ſee,
For more, or leſs, 'tis all the ſame to me.
Poor gaming too, was maul'd among the reſt,
That precious cordial to a high-life breaſt!
When thoughts ariſe I always game or drink,
An *Engliſh* gentleman ſhould never think—
The reaſon's plain, which ev'ry ſoul might hit on—
What *trims* a *Frenchman*, *overſets* a *Briton*;
In us reflection breeds a ſober ſadneſs,
Which always ends in politics or madneſs:
I therefore now propoſe—by your command,
That tragedies no more ſhall cloud this land;
Send o'er your *Shakeſpears* to the ſons of *France*,
Let *them* grow grave—Let *us* begin to dance!
Baniſh your gloomy ſcenes to foreign climes,
Reſerve alone to bleſs theſe golden times,
A farce or two—and *Wooduard*'s pantomimes!

PROLOGUE *ſpoken in the character of a* BUCK.

WELL, Brother *Bucks*, we've kept it up egad,
Oh, damn theſe Works; they make a Body mad:

Pray

Pray tell me now, you all who reaſon right,
Am not I a very drunken Sight?
Permit me, Gents and Ladies, kind and good,
To give you the Adventures of a *Blood*,
For *Bloods* are *Bucks*, and *Bucks are Bloods*, you know;
They differ not in Senſe but Name I trow;
One Night's Adventures now I'll lay before you;
Have Patience though, and liſten to my Story;
Laſt Night at Six, when Dad forſook his Seat,
To ſtuff his Garbage at a Pariſh Treat,
I too, forſook the Counting-houſe and Care,
T' inhale a little *Covent-Garden* Air:
Firſt to the Play-houſe, not to ſee the Play,
Only to paſs an Hour or ſo away;
For what to me are *Shakeſpears*, *Otways*, *Rows*,
Your *Jaffiers*, *Bajazets* and *Romoes*;
Thoſe mouthing Raſcals give no Joy to me,
I get behind the Scenes, and there, d'ye ſee!
I ſtrut and ogle, pull the Girls about,
Stand in the Way, and put the Actors out;
Theſe, theſe are Joys that—only *Bucks* can know,
And theſe the only Joys that Plays beſtow;
The Play being o'er, I ſtept in here hard by,
And met *Dick Hellfinch*, Damme! *Dick*, ſays I,
Suppoſe now for a Joke, that I, and you,
Send for a Brace of Whores; Why ay, that's true,
Replies, Friend *Richard*;—then ſuppoſe we do:
The Girls arriv'd, the Glaſs being circled round,
Senſe left the Room and fled to other Ground;

But ſoon the Wenches, as it is their Faſhion,
Began to tiff about their Reputation;
I took the Hint, and work'd up ſuch a Scene,
'Twould cure a very Cynic of the Spleen;
Now flew the Glaſſes, now the Bottles fly,
Down went the Tables, Oh! 'twas helliſh high!
Out of the Window then we made our Way,
And dropping from the Pent-houſe left the Brims to pay.
Now Miſchief rul'd the Heart and Wine the Head,
Nor could we think of any thing like Bed,
To break a Lamp was now an Act of Merit;
And that we did, egad! like *Bucks* of Spirit:
But ſoon the Watch who heard the jingling Sound,
Flew from their Stands, and fairly hemm'd us round;
Strait to the Watch-houſe drag'd, and bruis'd all o'er,
We lay 'till Juſtice op'd the Office Door;
When ſoon before the awful Drone we came.
He gravely told us we were much to blame;
Howe'er the Lamps were paid, the Clerk was fee'd,
The Watch diſmiſs'd, the Matter all agreed;
And now again at Liberty and Eaſe,
We ſtand a Proof, that Juſtice, if ſhe pleaſe,
Though blind, can wink at little crimes like theſe.

The OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. KING,

At the Opening of Drury-Lane *Theatre.*

[*Enter, reading a Superſcription*]

I'M right—your Servant, Sirs, —th' Addreſs is plain—
To the high Court of Critics, *Drury-Lane.*
Two Ladies, Siſters, Women of Condition,
Have ſent by me, their *Courier*, a *Petition.*
Who are thoſe Ladies? ſhould the Curious aſk,
See their Broad Seal—a *Dagger* and a *Maſk!*
Here, *Braſs*, take this,—*I* anſwer'd to the Name,
And at their Call, and for your Service came.
'Tis ſign'd, as you may plainly ſee,
Thalia and *Melpomene*,
Alias, *Tragedy* and *Comedy*,
Poor Souls! they're angry,—and to hint is Treaſon,
That angry Ladies have not always Reaſon;
In Claſſic Language they complain of Wrong.
Which thus I change to mine-the Vulgar Tongue
They ſet forth, at large that their Caſe is ſo ſad,
That poor Comedy weeps, and that Tragedy's mad
That *Op'ra*, their Rival, heretofore Maid of Honour;
Has got to your Hearts, and took too much upon her

That this foreign Minx has engroſs'd all your
Favours;
And fritter'd their Paſſions, and Humour to
Quavers,
That ſhe walks Cheek by Jole, and won't hold
up their Tail,
So humbly they beg, that you'll ſend her to Jail,
There ſtrip her, and whip her, and ſend her away,
And as bound in Duty, for ever they'll pray.
My mettled Miſtreſſes ſo high in Blood,
Would ſcratch poor Op'ra's Eyes out if they cou'd.
Suppoſe your Honours, to avoid a Fuſs,
And ſave the pulling Caps, adjuſt it thus:
When Tragedy has *harrow'd up the Soul*,
Plung'd deep her Dagger, or toſs'd off her Bowl;
When Grief, Rage, Murder, ſtrew the Palace
round,
Muſic ſhould pour her Balm into the Wound;
Or when the Comic Laſs has ſhook your Sides,
That Laughter ſwell'd ſo high, burſts out in Tides,
That Muſic with it's ſweet enchanting Strain,
Should to it's Banks lure back the Tide again.
But how ſhall we your various Fancies bind,
When ev'ry Briton has a Diff'rent Mind?
Muſic's a Harlot—(thus *Tom Surly* ſpoke)
Whoſe Charms will bend our honeſt *Hearts of
Oak?*
What are the *Romans now*, once brave and free?
Nothing but Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee,
Read Shakeſpear (cries his Wife) he'll blunt your
Satire,
Who has not Muſic in his Soul's a Traitor.

Ev'n

Ev'n ſavage Beaſts are mov'd by Muſic's Touch,
And you, my dear, to be unmov'd—is much.
My Mammy's right (liſps Miſs)—you're wrong my Daddy;
I'd hear for ever *Through the Wood my Laddie.*
How's this, roars out a Bard, in Tragic Pride,
This Catgut Peſt comes on with mighty Stride;
In Muſic's lulling Magic we are bound,
Like Yawning ſpreads the epidemic Sound,
" For when one *yawns*, by Turns we all *yawn* " round."
O Hottentot! what! Harmony an Evil!
Muſic an Angel—Tragedy the Devil.
Of Right, and Wrong, how ſhall we find the Teſt?
To fix this, that, or t'other is a Jeſt;
We'll laugh, or cry, or ſing, as you like beſt.
You, our great Turk, ſhall cull our choiceſt Treaſures;
And now Three Heav'n-born Beauties wait your Pleaſures,
On *One*, more happy, ſhould you ſmile with Favour,
Throw but your Handkerchief, and you ſhall have her.

The SPOUTER's SOLILOQUY.

TO Spout, or not to Spout's the Queſtion now,
Whether 'tis better to adorn the Brow
With Strains Heroic, or inſtead of Brawling,
To ſtay at Home and mind our proper Calling.

Say

Say, ſhould we ſpout—and ſpouting gain Applauſe,
Shew Nature's ſelf,—ay, that's the glorious Cauſe
That fires the headſtrong Youth each Risk to run,
Attempt all Parts, though ſure to make you Fun.
To ſpout—to ſpeak with Judgment and with Taſte,
Requires, much Care and Study—too much Haſte
Of Words and Actions only makes a Waſte.
And who would plague their Brain, or bear the Toil,
To get off Parts, write Prologues, ſweet, turmoil,
But that the Hopes of gaining high Renown,
Makes every Youth ambitious to be known:
But then to be deſpiſed, to bear the Critic's Snub,
The Jeer and Smile malicious—there's the Rub,
That makes us ſhake and dread th' exploring Eye,
Reſume our Buſineſs, throw our Spouting by.
It makes us pauſe—effects both great and ſmall,
Were't not for that you would be Spouters all,
Each would a Part of Shakeſpear's Plays inherit,
Be Enterprizers of great Fire and Spirit;
But this Regard it makes you turn away,
And loſe the Name of Spouters in a Day.

PROLOGUE *to the* Double Miſtake.

Spoken by Mr. Smith.

TO lead attention thro' five Acts of proſe,
Where to ſoft notes no tuneful couplet flows;

To

To pleaſe each heart, each judgment, eye and ear,
The attempt how bold! the labour how ſevere!
Thus I addreſs'd our Bard, who quick reply'd,
With honeſt diffidence and modeſt pride:
" If I ſhould fail, I ſhall not think it ſhame
" To miſs, what few have gain'd, the wreath of Fame.
" This ſpot I deem the publick treaſury,
" Where wits, rare coins, for general ſervice lie;
" Where Critics, ſtrict examiners, are plac'd
" To try each piece by that nice ſtandard, Taſte;
" And what to public uſe may be apply'd,
" Is juſtly ſav'd; what faulty, thrown aſide.
" Hence 'tis the Poets duty to diſpence
" Each various vein of humour, wit, or ſenſe;
" Not miſer-like to his own hoard confine
" The ſmalleſt ſpark of Nature's genuine mine;
" But to the muſe his grateful tribute pay,
" And in the common mint his quota lay."
On this reſolve, he to your ſterling ſtore
Preſents a ſpecimen of untry'd ore;
If any worth it bears, aſſay'd by you,
His private talents is the public due;
And ſhould it not diſgrace your brilliant maſs,
Give it your ſtamp and let the metal paſs.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs Wilford, *in the Character of Lady* Louiſa.

I Had an Epilogue to ſpeak to-night;
But I'm ſo hurry'd, put in ſuch a fright,
Deuce take me! if I han't forgot it quite.

To

To ſee my name in firſt night's play-bill printed,
A character quite new, in time quite ſtinted;
An Epilogue, beſides, to get by heart,
'Tis moſt unmerciful, too long a part---
But they ſo coax'd and wheedled me to duty,
Leſt I ſhould fret--for fretting ſpoils one's beauty-
That, in obedience to the kind command,
A ſuppliant to your favour here I ſtand;
And hope, inſtead of what had been prepar'd
Some nonſenſe of my own may now be heard.
Well I have had a great eſcape, I own,
From being made the jeſt of all the town;
For from the court end I could claim no pity,
Nor had I more to hope for from the city;
Such matches rarely anſwer either ſide,
For induſtry is ſuited ill with pride.
But, to deſerve your cenſure, let me ſhew
A folly more compleat, a city beau!
What contract can there be ſo ſtrong in nature,
As Engliſh plainneſs apeing *Petit-maitre!*
And yet, poor I, by miſſing ſuch a lover,
May wait till all my dancing days are over!
Next, ſhift the ſcene—behold a Virtuoſo!
An old, illiterate, feeble Amoroſo!
What weakneſs can the human heart diſcover,
More ſhameful than a climacteric lover,
Men who have turn'd the period of three-ſcore,
Become mere Virtuoſos in amour.
Nor does aunt Bridget merit better quarter,
Who, ſcorning to abide by female charter,
Invades a province to our ſex deny'd,
Aiming at knowledge with a pedant's pride;

When

When, after all our boaſt, we find, at length,
To know our weakneſs is our ſureſt ſtrength.
One path of ſcience only, wiſe men ſay,
Is left for female learning—to obey. [*Curtſying.*

If characters like theſe your mirth excite,
And furniſh ſome amuſement for the night,
If nought offend the maxims of the ſtage,
Or ſhock the nicer morals of the age,
If only venial errors here you find,
Critics, be dumb—ye men of candour kind.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, April 30, 1765, *by Miſs.* Hopkins, *a child of ſix Years old, at the Benefit of* Mr. Hopkins, *Prompter, and Mrs.* Hopkins.

Enter ſpeaking to Mr. Hopkins *at the Stage Door.*

NAY--but I muſt, I muſt, indeed, papa!—
Pray, let me go!—what ſignifies mama?—
Coming forwards, curtſies.
Your ſervant, gentlemen! your ſervant, ladies?
Papa's the *prompter*—but to *act* my trade is;
And tho' my ſize is ſmall my years but few,
I'll warrant he ſhall find *I know my cue.*

Females of ev'ry age have leave to tattle:
Why may not I then, like my elders, prattle?
Mama indeed cries "Huſh, you little elf!
"Prithee be ſilent!—I'll talk all myſelf."
—But let her know, my tongue as her's is nimble,
And I had rather uſe it than my thimble.

Had rather goſſip, ſpeak a part, or wheedle,
Than darn, or wound my fingers, with a needle.
A ſempſtreſs? No; A princeſs let me be,
In all the pomp and ſtate of tragedy!
A princeſs, with a page, and ſweeping train,
A bowl, a dagger, and a lover ſlain!
Oh how I'll rant! how loud I'll be! and glibber
Than Yates, or Pritchard, Bellamy, or Cibber!
If for the buſkin you object my *ſize*,
Why Garrick's *little*—but has piercing eyes;
And ſo have I—But I'm too young you'll ſay.
Ah, Sirs! I ſhall grow older every day:
And they that now my faint endeavours ſpare,
Miſs in her Teens ſhall thank them for their care.

An OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Written and ſpoken by Mr. SMITH.

On the Opening of Covent-Garden *Theatre.*

WELCOME, once more, kind friends to this our inn,
But, e'er with our collation we begin,
I'm ſent to make each gentle gueſt acquainted,
This houſe is newly furniſh'd, gilt and painted.
And, for the *mind's repaſt*, as well as *ſhow*
Freſh ſtock of wit laid in by BEARD and Co,
Proviſions of each ſort attend your call;
Such as, we humbly hope, will pleaſe you all.
We know you differ ſomething in your palate;
But all love *Engliſh* beef, tho' few—*French* ſallad.
Look thro' our larder, you ſhall find no flaw,
We wou'd give game, but that's againſt the law.

Then

Then while within for ſupper they prepare,
Permit me to preſent a bill of fare.
To friends above, thoſe honeſt, laughing folks,
We'll give rich humour, and high ſeaſon'd jokes:
To you, who occupy the middle ſtation,
Long train'd proceſſions, and a coronation:
To you, nice critics, in the learned pit,
Keen ſatyr, ſolid ſenſe, and lively wit:
And ſince to pleaſe throughout our wiſh and trade is,
With a diſtreſsful tale we'll gain the ladies;
Nay, for their ſakes, each other charm we'll try,
And treat with love, and ſweet variety.
But jeſt apart—we'll vary ev'ry ſcene,
To chaſe your vapours, and divert your ſpleen
If *Shakeſpear*'s rapid fire, or *Otway*'s woe,
Or the ſmooth muſic of harmonious *Rowe*,
Can warm your fancy, or your heart engage
To melt with love, or glow with gen'rous rage,
We'll ſtrain each faculty, exert each pow'r,
And cull the ſweets from ev'ry poet's flow'r.
This our chief labour, and our only plan,
To gain your ſmiles and favours—if we can.

MR. FOOTE,

In the Character of DR. SQUINTUM.

NEAR the mad manſions of *Moorfields* I'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, ſiſters, ſons, and all,
Shut up your ſhops, and liſten to my call.

With labour, toil, all ſecond means diſpenſe,
And live a rent-charge upon providence,
Prick up your ears ; a ſtory now I'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child befell,
I knew the mother, and her daughter well ;
Poor, it is true, they were ; but never wanted,
For whatſo'er they aſk'd was always granted :
One fatal day, the matron's truth was try'd,
She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd.
(Child) Mother, you cry ! *(Moth.)* Oh, child,
I've got no bread.
(Child) What matters that ? Why providence an't
dead ?
With reaſon good, this truth the child might ſay,
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes and, a leg of mutton,
A better ſure, a table ne'er was put on :
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with thoſe poor ſouls ;
But we ne'er had a raſher for the coals.
And d'ye deſerve it ? How d'ye ſpend your days ;
In paſtimes, prodigality and, plays !
Let's go ſee *Foote !* Ah, *Foote*'s precious limb !
Old-nick will ſoon a foot-ball make of him !
For foremoſt rows with ſide-boxes you ſhove,
Think you to meet with ſide-boxes above ?
Where giggling girls, and powder'd fops may
ſit,
No, you will all be cram'd into the pit,
And crowd the houſe for *Satan*'s Benefit.——
Oh ! what you ſnivel ; well, do ſo no more——
Drop, to attone, your money at the door,
And, if I pleaſe,—I'll give it to the poor.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Written and Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD,

On his first Appearance at COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, October 6, 1762, *in the Character of* MARPLOT, *after having been* MANAGER *in* DUBLIN *Four Years.*

BEHOLD the prodigal—*return'd*—quite tame
And (tho' you'll hardly think it) full of *ſhame*:
Aſham'd! ſo long t'have left my patrons here—
On random ſchemes----the lord knows *what*
and *where!*
—With *piteous* face (long ſtranger to a *grin*)
Receive the *penitent*—and let him in!
Forgive his *errors*—ope the friendly door;
And, then, he's *yours* *,--and *yours* †--and *yours* ‡
--as heretofore———
—Ye Gods! what havock does *ambition* make—
Ambition! drove me to the grand miſtake!
Ambition! made me *mad* enough to roam——
But now, I feel (with joy) that *home is home*——
—Faith! they put *powder in my drink*, d'ye ſee!
Or elſe, by *Pharoah's foot*, it could not be!
Be like queen *Mab* toucht me (at full *o'th moon*)
With a *field marſhal manager's* battoon——
And ſo, I dreamt of *riches—honor—pow'r*——
'Twas but a *dream* tho'—and, that *dream* is o'er—
—How happy, now, I walk my native ground;
Above—below—nay! faith—all *round and round*,
I gueſs

* Pit, † Boxes, ‡ Galleries.

I gueſs ſome pleaſures in your boſom burn,
To ſee the *prodigal* poor *ſon return*——
—Perhaps! I'm vain, tho', and the caſe miſtake—
No--no--yes--yes,--for old acquaintance ſake
Some gen'rous, hoſpitable ſmiles you'll ſend—
Beſides! I *own* my faults and mean to *mend*——
---Oh, oh! they ring **---how *ſweet* that ſound appears,
After an abſence of four *tireſome* years——
Marplot, to-night—ſo ſays the *bill of fare*††—
Now, waits your pleaſure, with his *uſual* air—
Oh! may I *act* the part, ſtill *o'er and o'er!*
But never BE the BUSY BODY more.

** Thewarning-bell rings. †† Pointing to a play-bill.

PROLOGUE to the JUBILEE,

Spoken in the Character of a WAITER.

FROM *London* your Honours, to *Stratford* I'm come,
I'm a Waiter your Honours, you know buſtling *Tom*;
Who proud of your Orders, and bowing before ye,
'Till Supper is ready, I'll tell you a Story.
'Twixt *Hounſlow* and *Colebrooke*, are two Houſes of Fame,
Well known on that Road, the two Magpye's by Name;

The

The One of long ſtanding, the other a new One,
This boaſts it's the old One, and that it's the true One:
Sure we the old Magpye, as well as the younger,
May boaſt that our Liquor is clearer and ſtronger;
Of bragging and puffing you make but a Jeſt,
You taſte of us both, and will ſtick at the beſt;
A Race we have had, for your Paſtime and Laughter,
Young Mag ſtarted firſt, with old Mag hopping after;
'Tis ſaid the old Houſe, hath poſſeſt a Receipt,
To make a choice Mixture, ſow'r, ſtrong, and ſweet;
A JUBILLEE Punch, which right ſkilfully made,
Inſur'd the old Magpye, a good running Trade;
But think you we mean to monopolize, No! No!
We are like Brother *Aſhley*, *pro publico Bono*.
Each Magpye your Honours, will peck at his Brother,
And their Natures where always to crib from each other;
Young Landlords and old One's, are taught by their calling,
To laugh at engroſſing—but to practice foreſtalling;
Our Landlords are game Cocks, and fair Play but grant 'em,
I'll warrant you paſtime from each little Bantum.

Let's

Let's return to the Punch—I hope from my Soul,
That now the old Magpye, may ſell you a Bowl;
We have all Sorts and Sizes, a quick Trade to drive,
As One Shilling, Two Shilling, Three Shilling, Five;
In this Town of *Stratford*, you'll have each ingredient,
Beſide a kind Welcome, from me your obedient;
I'll now ſqueze my Fruit, put Sugar and Rum in,
And be back in a Moment, *(Bell rings)* a coming, a coming, a coming.

F I N I S.